

# THE GLEANER



Published by the Students of The National Farm School

VOL. IV.

No. 6.

OCTOBER 1904.

Photography by Appointment

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# The Gleaner

VOL. IV

NATIONAL FARM SCHOOL, October 1904

No. 6

## The National Farm School and Its Aim

VICTOR ANDERSON, '07.

To speak about the aim of the National Farm School in the broadest sense is to deal with a very wide and deep subject; and one concerning which many persons may entertain such different views, that they are almost opposite in their idea concerning this great enterprise.

Perhaps it may not be inappropriate for a student to express his views concerning the institution as it appears to him.

Many readers will ask: "Is any explanation necessary? Does not the name of the school speak for itself? Who has not heard of agricultural colleges or of the courses in agriculture in various colleges in the United States and other countries?"

But let me answer, that logical as your question may be, the National School is quite different from any other agricultural college. First it has for its object the education of the Jew to the soil; secondly, it begins its practical instruction at a much more elementary stage than other agricultural institutions; thirdly, it encourages and teaches foreigners to become American agriculturists.

The National Farm School was established eight years ago, through the efforts and propaganda of the Rev. Dr. Joseph Krauskopf, by contributions solicited by him from many rich Jews, for the purpose of giving to Jewish

young men an opportunity to study practical as well as theoretical agriculture. From the beginning many persons expressed their belief that the idea of the founders of the National Farm School will never be realized, on the ground that a Jewish young man will never take up farming as his life pursuit. In fact, sad as it may be, the majority of the Jewish young men after reaching the age of eighteen, will, if sufficiently educated, take up a course in one of the so-called learned professions; otherwise, they become clerks, or in many cases, laborers.

Very few of them will ever think about farming. The reason for this is not hard to be found. The Jew has always been the object of persecution, being driven from one place to another.

Is it to be wondered at that farming has become to him a dark profession?

Indeed, as we students visit our friends and relatives, we are always confronted with so many questions and explanations that it would require days to answer them satisfactorily.

One frequently meets Jewish people, who claim to know all about farming; for, they say, they were farmers and gave it up, because there were no prospects of earning a decent livelihood. These unsuccessful farmers do not believe that their failure was due to their own ignorance, but ascribe it to the idea that the Jew is not fitted for farming.

Being eager to know the facts concerning these unsuccessful farmers, I have asked them to explain to me (1) the location of their farm, (2) its physical characteristics and (3) its area. I have ascertained the following facts.

Fifteen years ago, one man coming over from Russia with a capital of a thousand dollars bought a forty-acre farm in New Jersey, fifty miles from a city. He was entirely unfamiliar with the customs and manners of the American people, and another important difficulty was that he could not speak English. Moreover, instead of buying good tillable land which would yield an immediate reward for his labor, he purchased land which was full of bushes and shrubs.

To invest money in land like that was extremely foolish. The man did not possess the least conception of what his land was best fitted for, or if general farming, dairying, or poultry raising could bring the most profit. He was also entirely ignorant of the American ways of cultivating the soil, of the American peculiarities of climate, and of the New Jersey poverty of soil.

Another man, being exiled from Moscow in 1895, decided to come to the New World and become a farmer. He bought a tract of woods in New Jersey with the object of clearing it, but after two years of hard labor he became disgusted and gave it up.

These are not exceptional individual instances, but, I have heard, that there are a good many Jewish people who undertook farming in a similar manner and failed. Is it to be wondered at, that these people have failed in farming?

Having only the elementary knowledge of agriculture, such as the Russian "Mujik," or the Polish peasant possesses, being physically weak and lacking entirely the business ability of an agriculturist, it would be a miracle,

if they could make anything but a failure in farming. Take, for instance, corn, a crop that, on account of its general utilization, has justly been crowned the king of fodders. When immature it can be used for both fodder and silage, and is eaten with relish by any animal in the barn; when ripe, the corn ear has no rival as an economical food for the horse, sheep, swine, or any other farm animal. Both whole and cracked the corn makes an almost indispensable food for poultry.

Sugar corn is a favorite dish on the table of every American farmer, rich or poor.

But it requires experience to raise it successfully and I do not exaggerate the facts by stating that the majority of the Jewish immigrants have never seen corn growing in Europe. Yet to those Jews who have failed in farming as well as to those who have no confidence in agriculture as a profession, it is our duty to explain to the best of our ability where their mistakes lie, and to convince them that success in farming can only be attained by thorough study as well as practice of the methods adopted by the leading farmers of this country.

It is not enough that we students who are determined to making farming a life pursuit should have our convictions about the practicability of farming, but it ought to be our ambition to enlighten our brethren, that they may have an idea of the great opportunities which farming offers to the man equipped with the theoretical and practical knowledge of agriculture.

Only then will the Jew look upon farming with full confidence, and will his sons not enter into factories, but into agricultural schools. A mere acquiring of the theoretical and practical knowledge in agriculture is not sufficient, however, to make a man successful in farming. It has been proven that farmers fail very often not as much

from a lack of knowledge as from a lack of business ability.

That fact has been taken into consideration by the managers of the National Farm School, with the result, that they have bought two farms, by means of the Flora Schoenfeld Memorial Fund, and anticipate buying others for the purpose (1) of demonstrating the capability of the National Farm School graduates to successfully conduct an American farm; (2) to illustrate the efficiency of the practical instruction given at the National Farm School, and (3) to have constantly before its students a demonstration of successful Jewish agriculturists.

One farm has an area of thirty-five acres, fifteen of which lie on a steep hill.

The former owner of this farm claimed that he could not make much of this hill, on account of washing down by rain, which resulted in poor crops and rendered the soil very poor.

The school which has bought that farm is illustrating how to make the best possible use of such a hill, how to avoid washing down by terracing. Also, in order to regain its fertility, the land has been limed, by applying 80 bushels of unslacked lime to the acre, the function of which is to render the unavailable plant food of the soil more readily available. Furthermore, one part of the land has been occupied by a crop of cow peas and soy beans, and another part by a crop of crimson clover to be plowed under in the fall and spring that they may add humus to this exhausted soil and bring it back to a higher state of fertility.

I have brought to light but a few instances of the methods and means used by the National Farm School, in so far as land improving is concerned. But there are demonstrations of the raising and care of farm animals, poultry, and crops, which are equally worthy of mentioning, but which time

and space make it impossible to speak of in this article.

Let us hope that these facts will tend to stimulate our brethren to pay more attention to agriculture and that a new era may arrive in which the Jewish business ability will play as important a factor in farming as in any other branch of human activity.

### A SERIOUS MISTAKE.

(Translated from the French.)

AARON MARGULIES, '03.

A wealthy stranger, Suderland by name, was naturalized in Russia and became a citizen of great influence. In the course of time he came to enjoy the favor of the Empress Catherine II., and was appointed by her, Banker of the Court.

One morning he is advised of the fact that his house is surrounded by a military guard and that the chief-of-police desires to speak to him. This officer, whose name was Reliew, enters with an air of excitement.

"Mr. Suderland," says he, "I find myself, with great sorrow, charged by my gracious sovereign to execute an order of painful severity and am at a loss to understand the fault by which you have excited the resentment of her Majesty."

"I, sir," responds the banker, "I am as much, and even more at a loss than you. But what is this order of which you are the executor?"

"Sir," replies the officer, "my courage fails me and I am loth to reveal it to you."

"What! Have I perchance lost the confidence of the Empress?"

"If it were only this you need not be so alarmed. Confidence can be regained."

"Can there be any question then, of sending me back to my native country?"

"With your richness one is at ease everywhere."

"Oh, my God! is there any question of sending me to Siberia?"

"Alas, one might be able to return."

"To cast me in jail?"

"If it were only this, one could find a way to escape."

"Great goodness! do they want me knouted?"

"This punishment is dreadful indeed, but it does not kill!"

"And after all," says the banker, sobbingly, "is my name dishonored and my life in danger? For mercy's sake, speak, even death would be less cruel than this unbearable suspense."

"Well, my poor sir," says the officer at last, in a mournful voice, "my sovereign has ordered me to stuff you."

"To stuff me!" cries Suderland, gazing desperately at his interlocutor, "You have lost your reason, or the Empress has not kept hers. You could not possibly have received such an order without feeling its extravagance and barbarity."

"Alas! I showed my surprise, my grief; I even hazarded humble remonstrances. But my august sovereign commanded me to execute her order without delay."

It would be impossible to paint the tremor and despair of the poor banker. After some moments of dreadful silence the chief-of-police advanced: "I give you one-quarter of an hour to put your affairs in order."

Suderland then despairingly implores his permission to write a note to the Empress, beseeching her pity.

The officer yields to his supplications, and not daring to go to the palace, hurries to the Count of Buca, then Governor of St. Petersburg.

The latter, believing the police master to have gone mad, tells him to follow and wait for him at the palace, while he runs to the Empress and relates to her the story. Catherine, on hearing this strange recital, exclaims:

"O, heavens! What a horror! Relieu has lost his head. Count, hasten, order this madman to give my poor banker his liberty."

The count goes to execute the order and on returning finds Catherine in a fit of laughter. "I see now," says she, "the cause of this strange mistake. I had a dog with the name of Suderland whom I loved dearly. This dog died and I ordered Relieu to have him stuffed. As he seemed to hesitate, I fell into a passion, thinking that on account of a foolish vanity, he thought such a commission to be beneath his dignity."

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### SARTOR RESARTUS.

DAVID SERBER, '05.

The dawn of the Nineteenth Century ushered in an age of materialism, scepticism and quackery. Philosophy and original thought had been lost sight of. The learned wrote books as apothecaries mix medicines; by pouring from one vessel into another. As a result, much was added to the *bulk*, but little to the *stock* of literature. Diction was considered more important than truth, rhetorical effect more sought for than knowledge. The deeper significance of religion was lost sight of in bickerings over shallow creeds and meaningless formulas. In the mad rush for the Almighty Dollar, men forgot that there was an Almighty God. The spirit of the times was mechanical and commercial.

Thomas Carlyle rose in indignation against this state of affairs. He was the first genuine man in an age of quacks, among whom he came to tear the mask from their hypocrisy. No shams and quackeries for him. "Truth!" he exclaimed, "though the heavens crush me for following her: no falsehood!" To show that there was something spiritual beneath the material was his inspiration; and *Sartor Resartus* was the result.

Leslie Stephen has said that each of Carlyle's books was wrenched from him, like the "Tale of the Ancient Mariner," by a spiritual agony. To none of his works can this be applied with greater force than to *Sartor Resartus*. Carlyle is an ardent believer in the maxim, "Speech is silver, but silence is gold." Nevertheless, a spirit within him is urging him on, crying, "Awake! arise! Speak forth what is in thee; what God has given thee, what the devil shall not take away." This is the secret of his peculiar style. He writes like one who must, impelled by the conviction that he has a mission to fulfil. He is so eager to give utterance to the great depth of emotion that is stirring his soul that he cannot stop to arrange his thoughts in a systematic order. The words come so rapidly to his mind, that he hardly knows what to say first. The result is a chaotic jumble of disconnected phrases and sentences, *disjecta membra*, every syllable alive with fervent sincerity and intense earnestness. The abruptness of his thought finds expression in a style that is characteristic, proceeding as by a series of explosions—sudden, mysterious, startling; full of passion and eloquence, but lacking finish and gracefulness of expression. For Carlyle cares as little for rounded phrases as for logical argument. He places emotion above logic, and convinces by calling up a succession of feelings rather than by reasoning. He speaks from the heart, and appeals more to the heart than to the head.

It must not be inferred from the above that Carlyle was a superficial thinker. On the contrary, his ability to penetrate to the very heart of a problem, no matter how obscured by red tape, could hardly be surpassed. He knew how to distinguish the essence from the accidents, and displayed an extraordinary power of detecting truth amid masses of error; and once he decided what was the truth, he was

bound to speak it out, regardless alike of precedents and the opinions of others. With a single stroke of the pen he stripped men of clothes, society of conventions, and religion of formulas. And since to have gone to such an extreme openly seventy-five years ago would have been to starve, he was forced to put his views in the mouth of an imaginary German professor, and to clothe them in the garb of satire, grim humor and pathos.

It was this form of *Sartor Resartus*, rather than the substance of the book, that made it so unpopular in England at the time of its appearance. In fact, the author was for a long time unable to procure a publisher, and was finally compelled to give it to the public in installments through the columns of a daring magazine. The sentiment which these contributions created among the readers of the periodical in which they appeared was voiced by one of the subscribers of that magazine, who wrote to the publishers: "Stop that nonsense or stop my paper." England was not yet ripe for such philosophy, but in the country of the Transcendentalists across the sea the papers found an ardent admirer in "The American Carlyle," Ralph Waldo Emerson. Through his influence they were published in book form in America. Three years later the first English edition appeared. The slow recognition, long struggle, and ultimate success of the book are symbolic of the life of Thomas Carlyle.

In speaking of the philosophy of *Sartor Resartus*, we shall confine ourselves to indicating the general nature of its message to mankind without attempting to probe the soundness of particular views. To show that faith is deeper than creed, that science cannot go below the surface, that soul is not synonymous with stomach—this is the mission of the Philosophy of Clothes. It insists that Wonder and Reverence are the source of all strength, that sorrow is divine and

greater than happiness, that knowledge is shallow as compared to faith. It preaches that God loves him who does his duty and does not make pleasure the chief aim of his life. Carlyle sees the manifestation of God in all things. For him there is an expression of the Divine, not only in the moral and spiritual but also in the physical and temporal. Heaven, Nature and Humanity are identical with him, and man is the highest temple of God.

It would be impossible to present an adequate idea of Carlyle's attitude towards religion without mentioning that transition of his spiritual nature, to which he always referred as his "conversion." We are all destined to pass through stages of doubt and disbelief before we can reach the "Everlasting Yea," and Carlyle was no exception.

The second book of *Sartor Resartus*, which treats of the education, wanderings, and inner life—moral and religious—of Professor Teufelsdröckh, is an acknowledged fragment of autobiography. The limits of this paper will permit but a cursory glance at that portion of the biographical matter which throws light on Carlyle's religious views.

After completing his course at the University of Edinburgh, Carlyle became a private tutor, and later received an appointment as a mathematical teacher. It was during this time that he encountered his first romance, the description of which is replete with the deepest feeling and loftiest sentiment. The disappointment occasioned by his beloved one's leaving him to marry a richer man induced him to begin a life of wandering and travel. To gain a livelihood he tried tutoring, the law, contributions to magazines, and the church, but was unable to determine definitely on a career. The dyspeptic disorder that tormented him through life and was responsible for the pessimism and misanthropy of his later days, was beginning to "gnaw like a

rat" at his stomach. Sleep forsook him, his appetite deserted him, morally he was adrift, physically he was a wreck. He soon found himself in an almost suicidal mood of despair. Doubt had darkened into unbelief—he was in the midst of the "Everlasting No."

To me the Universe was void of Life, of Purpose, of Volition, even of Hostility; it was one huge, dead, immeasurable Steam-engine, rolling on, in its dead indifference, to grind me limb from limb.

It was impossible for a strong manhood like Carlyle's to continue long in such a paroxysm of fear without asserting itself against it. The crisis came after three weeks of sleeplessness. He was living in "a continual, indefinite, pining fear." Suddenly he resolved to resist. Of what was he afraid?

"Death? Well, Death; Hast thou not a heart; canst thou not suffer whatsoever it be? . . . Let it come, then; I will meet it and defy it!" And as I so thought, there rushed like a stream of fire over my whole Soul; and I shook base fear away from me forever."

This is what Carlyle called his "conversion." It is not a conversion in the ordinary sense, inasmuch as it does not subscribe to any new creed or system of belief. It is simply the triumph of faith over unbelief. To understand this conversion is to understand the whole attitude of Carlyle toward religion.

It is impossible to draw a line of demarcation between the spiritual elements of *Sartor Resartus* and the social. The two are blended together, a current of one running through the other. Carlyle's love for the laboring class is intense and sincere, and enkindles in his heart a burning sense of the injustice suffered by the poor. "O, my Brother, my Brother!" he cries, "why cannot I shelter thee in my bosom, and wipe away all tears from thy eyes!" His reverence for poverty and labor call forth some of the noblest and most touching passages in all literature. What, for example, could be more beautiful than this:

"I honor, first, the toilworn Craftsman that with earth-made Implement laboriously conquers the Earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard Hand; crooked, coarse; wherein notwithstanding lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the Scepter of this Planet. Venerable, too, is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence; for it is the face of a Man living man-like. Oh, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee! Hardly-entreated Brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed: thou wert our Conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. For in thee, too, lay a God-created Form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of Labor: and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on: *thou* art in thy duty, be out of it who may; *thou* toildest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread."

It is not only for their physical hardships that Carlyle pities the poor. He grieves sorrowfully over their mental stagnation and spiritual blindness. He says:

"The poor is hungry and athirst; but for him also there is food and drink: he is heavy-laden and weary; but for him also the Heavens send Sleep. But what I do mourn over is, that the lamp of his soul should go out; that no ray of heavenly, or even of earthly knowledge, should visit him; but only, in the haggard darkness, like two spectres, Fear and Indignation bear him company. Alas, while the Body stands so broad and brawny, must the Soul lie blinded, dwarfed, stupefied, almost annihilated! That there should one man die ignorant who had capacity for Knowledge, this I call a tragedy."

From these passages it may be seen that Carlyle justly deserves the distinction of being called the greatest prose-poet of England. Like all poets, he merely paints a picture, without attempting to find a remedy for the evils he delineates. The following paragraph, however, contains the practical suggestion of colonization in agricultural districts as a means of ameliorating the over-crowded condition of the cities:

Too crowded indeed! Meanwhile, what portion of this inconsiderable terraqueous Globe have ye actually tilled and delved, till it will grow no more? One man, in one year, as I have understood it, if you lend him Earth, will feed himself and nine others. Alas, where now are the Hengsts and Alarics of our still-glowing, still-expanding Europe; who, when their

home is grown too narrow, will enlist, and, like Fire-pillars, guide onwards those superfluous masses of indomitable living Valor; equipped, not now with the battle-axe and war-chariot, but with the steam-engine and ploughshare? Where are they?

Were Carlyle alive to-day we would direct him, for an answer, to the National Farm School.

## OVER THE 'PHONE.

LOUIS CONDOR, '66.

Mrs. Harold Whitmore was sitting in the parlor of her handsome residence thinking of her husband who was away on a business tour, when she was aroused from her meditation by the ring of the telephone bell. Reluctantly she arose from her chair to answer the 'phone, thinking it was from one of the "set."

"Hello!"

"Hello!"

"Is this Mrs. Whitmore?"

"Yes."

"Your husband—"

Click—click—click.

"Your husband's remains will be brought to your residence this evening. Death resulted from a wreck on the N. Y. Central."

Staggering slightly, she fell heavily on the floor.

One of the servants who was just passing noticed Mrs. Whitmore's plight and hastily ran to her assistance.

She soon regained consciousness, and upon recovering her composure, ordered preparations to be made for receiving the body.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Harold Whitmore descended from the steps of the New York Central as it slowly pulled into the station and hurriedly made his way to his home.

Upon arriving he was surprised to find an undertaker's vehicle in front of the residence and nearly succumbed

when he noticed a black crepe fluttering on the door-bell.

He silently made his way up the steps and in a sotto voice demanded admittance. Upon being admitted he hastily made his way to his wife's apartment. The latter was so shocked by the apparent resurrection of the dead that she instantly fainted.

Mr. Whitmore, who had not seen her swoon, now noticing her condition, imagined that he saw the reason for the crepe, and believing his wife to be dead, fell upon her neck, weeping bitterly.

When she recovered, the surprise was so great that he, in his turn, fainted.

While this pathetic scene was being enacted, the door-bell rang and a moment later a number of friends entered the room.

"What is the matter, Mrs. Whitmore?" cried they simultaneously.

"What is the matter, Harold?" asked Mrs. Whitmore of her husband. It took but a moment to explain and all laughingly agreed that it was a case of cross-wires.

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## THE PLANT.

BERNHARD OSTROLENK, '06.

The insolvable mystery of science and the wonder and admiration of the world is the labor of the tiny seed, by which out of air, water and a pinch of divers salts scattered in the soil it builds up roots, stems and leaves.

All things, great or small, are made up of minute individual beings. It is a collection of frail and comparatively weak individuals that goes to make up mankind, and small and tiny grains of sand make up the earth's crust. The plant, too, is made up of minute cells and in its turn gives to the entire animal kingdom of the world a means of existence.

Thus it is the little plants which form the backbone of all life.

There is a vast amount of labor done by the plant from the time it cracks the testa of the seed to the time it bears fruits.

The little plant gradually and energetically pushes its roots down through the soil to gather nourishment from the moisture and plantfood of the earth.

It also sends up the stem which in its turn bears the leaves, to breath in the pure oxygen of the air, and the blossoms which form the fruit.

In the early ages when agriculture consisted only of herding flocks, the plant was not the subject of great care on account of the abundance of pastures and various plants which grew along the fertile shores of the Nile. These were enough to supply the population at that time. But as the population increased, the cultivation of plants grew more and more important.

Aided by the rapidly advancing sciences of chemistry, botany, geology, entomology, physiology and bacteriology, the cultivation of plants at the present time has reached a development which was never dreamed of before.

This advancement in the knowledge of plants has made it possible by cross-breeding and great care to change plants which were formerly small and insignificant, or weeds which were always thought to be absolutely valueless, to those admired for their beauty, fragrance and variety, to those praised for their wholesome and rich food which goes to supply the populace of the earth with energy and vigor, and to those which refresh the body with their appetizing and delicious fruits.

After thousands of years of study, man has gained limited control over plants. He can check or elongate their growth at pleasure; he can make soil suitable for plants, and select plants suitable for different soils; he has made tropical plants grow in temperate climes and has increased the abundance of fruit; he can analyze the plant and

knows the kind of food and environments necessary for a healthy growth; he knows when to leave the plant in the sun and when to remove it to the shade; but the secret of how the elements in the soil and air put life into the seed to make it live and grow is as much a mystery to him to-day as it was to his forefathers thousands of years ago.

### NOTES BY THE WAY.

SEEN AND HEARD BY AN ALUMNUS.

The weather is such an easy thing to write about, so I concluded to write about the weather by way of introduction. When two strangers are asked to shake hands, what is the first thing they generally talk about? "Nice day, ain't it?" or something to that effect. Same here. For one thing, we have so much of it; I believe we have more of it to the acre than any other crop. So many varieties of weather, you know. Comes home to a fellow so strongly. Many people swear by it; many people swear at it. But it doesn't seem to do a bit of good; comes and goes as regularly as meal time. Being so much talked about it has a terrible effect (I shall whisper it), it makes such awful liars of folks, otherwise respectable.

I overheard two men talking in a street car. I shall not attempt to quote the exact words, but it is to the effect that one knew of a woman who placed the lamp out in the hallway one cold night during the winter of 1904, so that her good man might not whack his shins when coming home from the club. This in itself is enough to show the speaker's true character, for show me the wife who will light her husband's way at an hour when he ought to be in bed and asleep! At any rate, the night was so cold the flame froze solid, and the good woman's intentions were, after all, frustrated. The next morning she broke off the piece of

frozen flame and flung it thoughtlessly in a shed among some clothes. As a result the flame thawed out and set fire to the shed.

The man's companion was not to be outdone, and he told what he thought was a better one. The reader may judge. He told of an irate woman who flung some water out of the window at her escaping hubby. The water froze in mid-air, struck the unfortunate hubby on the head and inflicted a severe scalp wound. The first man took unfair advantage, I think when he sprung this one on his competitor: "In a thinly settled portion of the State it was so cold one night that a moonbeam in the back yard froze so solidly that the good housewife next morning used it as a clothes line." Unless you want to believe it, you don't have to. I don't.

One Saturday night, about midnight, when the worthy drink dispensers are supposed to close their shops for the night, and not to open them until the cock crows on Monday morning, I was walking up the avenue when I noticed three men issue from a popular saloon. They were well dressed, and under ordinary conditions, would go by the name of gentlemen. They walked abreast. It did not take any special observation power to show that the one in the middle was somewhat top-heavy. I suppose the contents of his stomach had overflowed its banks, flooding his cranium and doing other damage in its wild rampage. Well, he certainly showed it. However, he managed to worry along with the assistance of his two companions. Scenting interesting developments, I followed them.

A short distance up the street they came to a halt before a cigar store. A wooden Indian with his wooden arm outstretched as though asking alms, or in greeting, stood facing the avenue upon the wooden pedestal. Evidently the sober ones were struck with a desire for a smoke for they entered the

store, leaving the top-heavy companion outside.

Here is where the interesting part begins. Now, it seems as though the fellow concluded that his companions had deserted him, and he began to look about him in a sort of bewildered way. Just then he espied the wooden Indian. He grasped the outstretched arm within his two hands, and said amid many "hics":

"Howdy you do? Say, mishter, can you direct a respectable ge'man to the Eagle House?"

Receiving no reply, he tried again.

"I'm a stranger in town, mishter; where's the Eagle House?"

Silence.

"Ain't I askin' a civil question? Don't you know enough to speak when a ge'man speaks to you? I am goin' to ask you again and if you will not answer I will take it as a personal insult, and then I will show you how I treat dogs. Where's the Eagle House? Tell a ge'man where is the Eagle House."

The Indian's stoicism proved too much for him, I suppose, just as the whiskey and beer had done to him. At any rate, he removed his coat, flung it on the sidewalk and pitched into that Indian like a pugilist. O, the Indian stood it all right. Just for a moment. Pretty soon the Indian and pale-face came crashing through the window, the convivial one on top, pounding away for all he was worth.

"I'll show you not to answer a ge'man a civil question. Took you for a man. This is the way I treat curs," he was repeating.

By this time a crowd had gathered, followed by the inevitable policeman. The latter did not try to enlighten the fellow how difficult it is to make a live Indian act like a civilized man, much less a wooden one.

### Merely a Suggestion.

Ostrolenk, '06, (at "The Gleaner" staff meeting)—"I suggest that the cover design of 'The Gleaner' represent a storm at sea, with a cow on one side and a horse on the other."

Prof. Gorham—"Weinberg, what's your excuse for being late this morning?"

Weinberg, '06—"I had contipation in the stomach."

Anderson, '07, (the renowned chemist)—"Salt petre is a salt, but it is a poisonous acid."

Brown, '07, was engaged in planting Dr. Washburn's garden last spring, and was told to plant radishes and carrots in the same row. He looked up, somewhat surprised at the idea and asked, "Doctor, what will the product be?"

Doctor W. — "Watermelons, you clam!"

She—"It was a rather one-sided game, wasn't it?"

He—"Yes, the referee was all right."

Now, then, ye summer foot ball players, now is the time to show your mettle.

Oh, Roose was a doctor,  
A "V. S." just by chance.  
I knew he was a doctor

For, he wore a doctor's pants.

Feinberg, '07—"Have you ever been abroad?"

Feinblatt, '08—"Yes, been to Camden."

Frank, '08—"Why do you have your name and address on your hat?"

Ratner, '06—"When anyone knocks me sensible they'll know who I am."

## HIT OR MISS.

MAX MORRIS, '05, EDITOR.

"A hit, a very palpable hit."—Hamlet.

Serber, '05, (exclaiming gleefully, as he opens his second letter from "her.") : My! but she's getting intimate, she addresses me "dear Mr. Serber" already.

Hirsch, '05,—“Doctor, will we have chemistry to-morrow?”

Dr. Washburn—“I guess not.”

Hirsch—“I hope you're a good guesser.”

Shaw, '05, (to latest Freshman arrival)—“Do you play foot ball?”

Galblum, '08—“Yes.”

Shaw—“Did you ever play?”

Galblum—“N-o, but I've read about it.”

### The Saturday Slogan.

Aw! leave a feller alone when he's shaving.

Anderson, '07, (retiring)—“I've got ten dollars in my pocket, do you think it is safe?”

Weinberg, '06—“Sure, which pocket is it in?”

As a blood purifier use Bacillus “464.”

Horn, '06—“Is the water hot enough for a bath?”

Newstadt, '06—“Oh, I don't see any steam coming out of it.”

A bird—Condor.

Squibs from “The Gleaner” Election.

Chairman—“Nominations are now open for the office of editor-in-chief.”

Rock, '07, (as though he meant it)—“Mr. Chairman and fellow students: It affords me the greatest pleasure to be able to name for the office of editor-in-chief, one who has by his past work shown himself to be one of the staunchest supporters of “The Gleaner,” whose marked ability was chiefly instrumental in forging “The Gleaner” to the rank it now occupies. No one present can er—er—aw, oh, I nominate Mr. Serber for editor-in-chief.”

Green, '08—“I nominate Mr. Weinberg for class and club editor.”

Weinberg, '06—“I decline because I'm illegible.”

J. Ratner, '05—“I wonder why Miller reads that letter so many times?”

Kysela, '05, (who has had experience)—“You'd do it too, if it cost you a ‘Roycrofter.’”

Summer Boarder—“My, look at those little cowlets.”

Greenest Fresh—“They're not cowlets, they're little bullets.”

### Broke! Broke! Broke!

O'er the presents I bought you, oh Sue,

If I could only have back  
The dough that I spent on you.

“Wake up thar, dis is 1904.”

Prof. Halligan (admonishing some youthful smokers)—“I would not smoke to-day, if I had not started.”

## THE GLEANER.

Published Monthly by the Students of the National Farm School, Farm School, Pa.

### EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

DAVID SERBER, '05, *Editor-in-Chief.*

LOUIS CONDOR, '06, *Associate Editor.*

### DEPARTMENT EDITORS.

MAX H. MORRIS, '05, - - - - - *Hit or Miss.*

ABE MILLER, '07, - - - - - *Athletics.*

JACOB RATNER, '05, - - - - - *School Notes.*

LOUIS ROCK, '07, - - - - - *Class and Club.*

BERNHARD OSTROLENK, '06, - - - - *Exchanges.*

### BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

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PHILIP KRINZMAN, '06,

*Assistant Business Managers.*

Subscription Price: 50 cents per year, *Payable in Advance.*

Address all business communications to HENRY RATNER, Farm School, Pa.



A Cross in this Circle means that your subscription has expired.

All subscriptions will be renewed until notice to discontinue is received.

Entered in the Post Office at Farm School, Pa., as second-class matter.

## EDITORIALS.

Since the appearance of the June issue, a re-election of the Gleaner staff has been held, with the above results. The new board enters upon its duties with sanguine hopes and bright prospects. It is not our purpose to make rash prophesies or premature boasts. We shall be content to let our work speak for itself. However, we desire to call the attention of our readers to several new departures that have been inaugurated with this issue.

The change in the style and size of the magazine will be at once noticed. The number of pages has been increased by one-half the former quantity, the quality of paper and print improved, and a more artistic and appropriate cover adopted. We are indebted to Mr. A. Galblum for the cover design, which is a sketch from a painting entitled "The Gleaner."

The innovations have not been confined to the form. Editorially the changes have been as marked as in the appearance of the magazine. Essays of a more thoughtful nature than have appeared in "The Gleaner" heretofore will be found in this number, as well as lighter material to lend spice and variety to the reading matter. The agricultural department has been abolished with the hope of encouraging all the students to write articles on agricultural subjects instead of assigning that duty to a special editor.

Several new departments have been added. Last year "The Gleaner" had no other aim than the encouragement of literary work among the students. While not slighting this purpose during the present year, we shall endeavor, also, to make this magazine, first, a medium through which those who are interested in our school may be kept posted on its work and progress; and secondly a means of keeping the alumni in touch with the undergraduates and with each other. To carry out the first of these objects the department of "School Notes" has been inaugurated, while to accomplish the second we have established the department of "Alumni Notes."

A third new department, entitled "Notes by the Way," will present the brighter side of life to our readers in a light and entertaining manner. It will be conducted by an alumnus who desires to remain anonymous.

With the hope that the improvement in the quality of the reading matter will be commensurate with the increase in the quantity, the new staff makes its debut in the world of school journalism.

### The Gleaner Association.

The fact that the election of "The Gleaner" staff is held at the time when the new students are admitted has recently been a source of annoyance and

dissatisfaction. Constitutionally, there was nothing to debar the new arrivals from voting. Having no opinions of their own on the important questions that are decided at the Annual Meeting, being totally ignorant of the abilities of the candidates for office, and not personally interested in the results of the election, they fell an easy prey to the school politicians. It came to be a recognized fact that success in gaining an editorial berth rested not as much on the candidate's fitness for office, as on his ability to control the Freshman vote. "Are the Freshies with you?" was a more pertinent question than "Are you capable?"

Another class of voters who created trouble was those who do not subscribe to "The Gleaner." It is evident that a student who does not take fifty cents' worth of interest a year in the magazine will not be concerned about the efficiency of the board of editors. Hence this class, also, was easily susceptible to undue influence.

The complications arising from the recent election have brought this evil prominently before the student body and led to steps being taken to remedy it. With this end in view, "The Gleaner" Association has been organized. Residence at the Farm School for six months and subscription to "The Gleaner" make a student a member of the association, and the members of the staff are its officers. Of course only members have the privilege of voting for officers and on all questions pertaining to "The Gleaner." This does not debar the Freshmen as a body from the right to vote, but precludes those who have not been here long enough to be able to vote intelligently, or who do not take enough interest in "The Gleaner" to subscribe for it.

With this vote eliminated, election to office will, in the future, depend more on the merits and abilities of the candidates than it has in the past.

### The Individual Gardens.

Last year the plan of assigning to each student a small plot of ground for cultivation in his spare time was put into operation. The success of the experiment has led to its renewal this year. The choice of plants to be raised was largely optional with the students. Most of the common vegetables are being grown in the gardens, while of the flowering plants, zinnias, dahlias, poppies, nasturtiums and sweet elysium are the favorite varieties. Some of the students are experimenting in tobacco, peanut and cotton culture. Prizes will be awarded for the best and most productive gardens.

The competition is keen and the contest of the greatest interest to all concerned. Every evening, although wearied by a day of hard work on the farm, the boys may be found on their gardens—hoeing, weeding, harvesting early crops, and planting later ones in the space left vacant. The excellent condition of all the gardens speaks well for the students' interest in horticultural work.

These individual plots have an educational value that is second to no branch of practical or scientific instruction in our curriculum. The work on these gardens has the distinct advantage of being entirely voluntary. A student may learn more by one hour spent on his own little plot of ground than by a day's work on our large farm, because in the former case the time, the labor, and the results are all his own. In no way can one become familiar with a plant except by raising it himself, and by doing so more for the love of the work than because it is required of him. The individual gardens are furnishing an opportunity for this kind of work.

### The A. A. Field.

In a recent issue of "The Gleaner," the statement was made that Dr.

Washburn had decided to appropriate Krauskopf Field, the scene of so many victories and so few defeats, for horticultural purposes. We have since learned that the decision to deprive the boys of their campus was made by the Board of Directors, in spite of Dr. Washburn's wishes and advice to the contrary. We desire to extend our apologies to the director for the error, as well as to thank him for his interest in our sports, which prompted him to protest against the field's being taken from us.

It would be useless, at this late date, to criticise the Board for their action. It is too late to remedy the matter. The field has been plowed and planted, and transformed to a truck garden. To restore it to its former condition this year would be impossible.

But this fact gives rise to a question that intimately concerns every student, and should concern the directors of this institution as well: Will we have an athletic field for the approaching football season?

There is only one place on our grounds that would answer the purpose. The boys are making the best of it as a practice field, but, in its present condition, it would be unfit for a regular game. It would require two weeks' work to make this field fit for a scheduled contest.

The president of this school has

promised us that the necessary work would be put on it. The promise has been repeated by the director. Prof. Bishop has promised to furnish the necessary teams and men. Prof. Halligan has promised to superintend the work. But up to the time of going to press, the field does not even look promising. Practically nothing has been done, in spite of the numerous protestations from the representatives of the A. A.

It would be a calamity, indeed, for Farm School to be unrepresented by a foot ball team this year. Never have the prospects been brighter, in every respect but the lack of a field. All indications are that we can turn out a team this season that will be well able to keep up our record of victories. Most of last year's players are in line again, and although ex-Captain Monblatt will doubtless be missed, we have every confidence in his successor. For the first time in our career we have an experienced college coach to train the men. Our Athletic Association, thanks to the A. A. garden, has never been so well fixed financially. The foot ball team will have all the money at its disposal that it needs. The manager is in a position to arrange contests with institutions of a higher standard than we have heretofore been able to play.

Shall all these advantages be lost for want of a gridiron?

## ALUMNI NOTES.

It shall be the aim of the present editors to make "The Gleaner" more representative of the Alumni this year than it has been in the past. With this end in view, we shall publish notes of interest concerning the graduates and their work as frequently as practicable, perhaps every month. It is hoped that by this means it will be possible to keep the Alumni in touch with one another and with their alma mater. Graduates are requested to co-operate with the editor in making this new departure a success by keeping him posted on matters that would be appropriate for publication in this department. We also solicit contributions from the Alumni for the literary department.

The editor desires to acknowledge his indebtedness to William J. Serlin, '02, for much of the material contained in these notes as well as for the many helpful suggestions received from him. Mr. Serlin, who was editor-in-chief of "The Gleaner" during 1901-2, is now learning the A. B. C. of agricultural journalism in the office of the "Farm and Live Stock Journal," Detroit, Mich. He was fortunate in securing the position at the very beginning of that journal's career, as he is thereby enabled to learn all the ropes. He writes: "'The Gleaner' started the seed that grew into a love for this kind of work, and I have been hurrahing for 'The Gleaner' ever since."

Charles S. Heller, '02, who accepted a position with the United States Department of Agriculture in the early part of this year, is situated at Wiggins, Miss. He writes as follows to a classmate:

"The place where I am now situated is called the Piney woods region of Mississippi, which occupy about three-eighths of the State. Many parts of this region were considered unfit for agricultural purposes, and consequently were not valued highly. The Department thinks they are very valuable and has established this farm to demonstrate to the people that its theories are correct. It is up to me to put the thing through. Such is my work."

Louis Burd, '02; Sol Pizer, '01, and Louis A. Hirshowitz, '03, were visitors at the last graduation exercises.

George S. Borovik, '03, who since his graduation has been in the employ of the E. G. Hill Co., carnation growers, has recently severed his connection with that firm to accept a more promising offer with Heller Bros., New Castle, Ind. He writes to a friend: "New Castle is known as the 'City of Roses,' as there are four large rose concerns here. Hellers' is the largest firm in the State and I have most excellent chances of advancement with them." Mr. Borovik took especial interest in all greenhouse work while a student at this school, and we have no doubt of his success in this line.

Aaron Margulies, '03, has been placed in charge of the Flora Schoenfeld Memorial Farm, No. 2. Several new farms will be added in the near future and entrusted to the care of graduates. The object of the Schoenfeld Farms is to afford an opportunity for graduates of this school to go into farming on their own hook. The success of the two farms already in operation is encouraging.

## ATHLETICS.

ABE MILLER, '07, EDITOR.

After nearly a year's rest, we have again taken up foot ball. The prospects are, to say the least, encouraging.

Captain Morris posted the notice for the first practice on Monday, September 5th, and was gratified by the appearance of about twenty-five candidates on the gridiron.

Coach Halligan took charge of the squad and gave them a light practice, his aim being to get the men in good condition as soon as possible. He found some good material among the new men, the most promising being Harry Frank, Howard Orcutt and Samuel Rudly.

Among the veteran players who reported were Morris, who will try for ex-Captain Monblott's position as half-back; Krinzman, who will undoubtedly retain his old position as full, and Kysler and Miller, who will fill tackles. Feinberg and Shaw will remain ends, while Ratner and Ostrolenk will fill their usual positions as guards. The remaining positions will doubtless be filled at the next practice.

### Review of Last Year's Material.

Captain Morris entered the school from Chicago, where he played end on his class team for two seasons. In his Sophomore year he easily made the 'Varsity, playing at end, while in his Junior year he played as quarter-back. During that season he developed so splendidly and proved such a tower of strength in the line that he was chosen by the team to lead them through another season of victories. He has taken the position in the proper

spirit, giving a great deal of time and energy to the game.

Krinzman, our line-plunger, entered the school in the fall of '02. He easily made tackle, and played a brilliant game. In his Sophomore year he was placed at full-back, holding the position for the entire season. His play has always been marked by nerve and pluck, while his speed when once started with the ball made him a sure ground-gainer.

Neustadt received his foot ball instructions at the City College of New York. Being too light for the 'Varsity team in his Freshman year, he tried for the class team, making tackle. In his Sophomore year he was tried on the 'Varsity as tackle, and proved his right to that position by his speed, strength and grit. This season he will try to play by the side of Captain Morris as half-back.

Feinberg made his first appearance with the 'Varsity last season, playing tackle at first, and later being moved to end, where he surprised all by his good work. He is a good, heady man and a sure tackler.

Kysler held the position as left tackle last season in a very gratifying manner in spite of his lightness, and can be relied on this year.

Ratner and Ostrolenk as guards have proved themselves fit for their positions and will show up in the same spirit this season.

With these men on the team, we hope that the Green and Gold will remain this year, as in the past, unsullied by defeat.

## SCHOOL NOTES.

J. RATNER, '05, EDITOR.

### Farm Department.

Under the able management of Prof. W. H. Bishop, who has had charge of the farm department but a short time, the students are having a grand opportunity of training themselves in the different operations being carried on in that department.

The main work for the last two months has been the handling of forty-five acres of grass which was bought from a neighboring farm. Eighteen acres of wheat was also hauled in and threshed.

### Horticultural Department.

The work in this department during the past month has been unusually interesting. The greenhouse is occupied with the growing of vegetables such as muskmelons, cucumbers, tomatoes and watermelons. The chrysanthemums are occupying the bench and prospects for a large quantity of blossoms are bright.

Strawberries for Christmas will be a novelty this year. Prof. Halligan, who is in charge of the horticultural department, sunk several hundred one-inch pots into the ground in the strawberry bed, filled them with soil and across each pot placed a runner of a strawberry plant, which rooted in the soil and formed a new plant. The pots containing the young plants were then taken up and the plants shifted into five-inch pots and put into the cold frame. When the plants are rested they will be taken into the greenhouse and forced to fruit early.

### General.

Prof. I. B. Gage, who has been for about two years instructor of mathe-

matics and modern languages, has severed his connection with this school. He will be greatly missed by the students during camping, as he helped to make our camp life more enjoyable last year. Prof. W. R. Gorham, a graduate of the Pennsylvania State College, was chosen as his successor, and we hope that the relations between him and the student body will be mutually agreeable. He has already proven his ability of getting next to the fining system, which is so dear (in one sense at least) to every student.

A marked improvement is being made in the inside management of the institution. Formerly the board of managers have had to combat with the financial question, but as the school is now, financially, on a firm basis, they have been able to turn their attention towards internal improvements. They started with the main building, which has been repaired and painted and two ventilators have been built on the roof. The inside has been re-partitioned into private dormitories for each student, instead of having eight or ten occupy one room as has been the case heretofore. This will give to each student the idea of personal ownership, which is necessary to proper pride being taken in the care and appearance of the building, and those who are in possession of a private room can do anything without being interrupted. The library has also been moved from the second to the first floor, where it shares with the class room the space formerly occupied by the latter. A metal locker of medium size has also been donated for each room by Mr. Joseph Louchheim in memory of his brother, the late Henry S. Louchheim.

A new era will begin in the household management of the institution by the arrival of Mrs. Starr, who has been appointed household supervisor. She promises to make our home life more sociable than it has been formerly.

### Camp Mashuganavitz.

M.

Instead of the usual grind of toil that accompanies the summer industrial period, life at Farm School was made extremely enjoyable by the presence of Dr. Krauskopf and a host of his friends, who spent two weeks camping on our grounds.

Among the jolly crowd of campers, were several distinguished—and to be distinguished—rabbis, who threw aside their arduous duties and their ministerial dignity, and relaxed for a good time and a good rest.

During the early part of the visit, the weather was very discouraging, but as time wore on, the tent curtains were raised so as to "let a little sunshine in."

The evenings were the most entertaining, for then all were together around a large camp fire, which served us with light and an elegant sufficiency of heat. A number of settees encircled the fire, leaving space enough for the Virginia Reel, Cakewalk, Cassius and Brutus, Dr. Jekyle and Mr. Hyde, and various other performances.

Dr. Nathan Krasnawetz, of Owensboro, Kentucky, was voted, by public sentiment, one of the favorites of the camp. His youthfulness, genial disposition and amiability, won the hearts of all, particularly of the younger people.

Dr. William Rosenau, of Baltimore, Md., was met at the station by the famous "light brigade," under the able (?) leadership of Lieut. General Krauskopf, commandant of the Camp Mashuganavitz Cadets. The entire company, after six days constant instruction and drill, were able to

"ground arms" five minutes after the command was given. As every one in the company was a first sergeant, each kept step according to his own count, regardless of the repeated calls of "left!" "left!" by the commander, the booming of the bass drum and the ruffle of the snare drum.

Other noted visitors were met in similar fashion except that a marked improvement (?) was noticeable in the movements of the company.

Connecticut was well represented by Miss Elfreda Rothschild, of New Haven. Immediately after her arrival, she steadily grew in favor with Mr. —, the boys, and on her departure

Many a heart was wont to break,  
And into shreds be rended.  
But, it was due to the diaphragm  
That all this was prevented.

Dr. Rosenau, who has delivered the baccalaureate sermon on the past two commencements, received an urgent call from the Senior Class to give the third one, right then and there, so as to allow due time for meditation, in order that it may become beneficial immediately after graduation. Notwithstanding the earnest appeal, he modestly declined. It was then that all eyes were turned towards Dr. George Zepen, of Cincinnati, who in the course of his brief visit, made a tremendous "hit" with the members of the fair sex. His susceptibility to bashfulness did not permit him to accept and the Seniors decided to await the graduation exercises.

On the eve of the departure of Drs. Rosenau, Calish and Krasnawetz, extracts from Shakespeare were rendered by the two former gentlemen in a very creditable manner. Dr. Krasnawetz gave an excellent character sketch of Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde and closed the evening with a farewell speech.

The end of the vacation was slowly approaching, and little by little the

original number of twenty-four dwindled down to a scant dozen, and on that memorable day of August 8th, they broke camp, after a tedious drill and

most rigid inspection, and boarded the 3.30 train for Philadelphia, singing, "Though country life is the life for us, There's no place like home."

## CLASS AND CLUB.

LOUIS ROCK, '07, EDITOR.

Our summer work is nearly over, and once more we must resume our studies. Again we will take up the most marvelous of all instruments, the pen, and continue the work we left off last June. The books, tired of remaining idle for such a length of time, are now ready to impart their knowledge to those who are willing to receive it.

As the class organizations have been adjourned for the summer, the editor has been unable to gather any class notes for this issue of "The Gleaner." These organizations will resume their meetings as early as possible, and their sundry happenings will be published regularly each month.

### Literary Society.

The meetings of the Literary Society have been adjourned during the summer and will be resumed in September. At the last election the following results were obtained: President, Max Morris, '05; Vice-President, Jacob Ratner, '05; Secretary and Treasurer, Philip Krinzman, '06; Critic, Rudolph Kysela, '05.

### Freshmen.

Seven new students have already arrived at the school. A larger increase is expected on account of the enlargement of the dormitory building. They are now beginning to make life at the

Farm School more interesting, as may be evidenced by the encounter of one of their number with an upper classman, described in the following article:

### A Senior and a Fresh.

Rudley, '08, to show that he possessed the proper school spirit, was perusing some recent issues of "The Gleaner," and was somewhat at a loss to understand the meaning of "Hit or Miss Editor." He wanted to be enlightened upon the matter, so he set out in quest of an upper classman.

After rapping gently at five doors and receiving no answer, he timidly thumped upon the sixth one, and received a gruff "Come in." He begged pardon for the intrusion, and immediately laid his trouble before "His Royal Highness," a member of the Senior Class. This Sagacious Individual had just finished reading one of those "long-looked-for" letters, and was in the best of spirits.

For awhile he proved to be an attentive auditor, but on several occasions he was on the verge of bursting into a fit of laughter. Fortunately, however, he constrained his levity sufficiently to find an explanation.

But there was a misunderstanding somewhere, for no sooner had Rudley left the room, than he made a bee-line for the athletic locker, and got out

three nice, white tennis balls and set out to find the editor. He was accosted by several students, but passed by them all.

At last he spied the object of his search, and made rapid strides to get near enough to shout, "Hey there, editor! I want to take my three chances at yer now!" And without uttering another sound he let go three volleys in quick succession, each striking the editor square in the face with telling effect. As though dazed by a thunderbolt from a clear sky, the editor stood speechless and motionless. Then, suddenly, collecting his senses, he made for the bewildered Freshie at top-knot speed, but he was handicapped beyond his limit, and came up to his room panting heavily. He stretched himself on his bed, his head all in a horrible whirl.

Thinking that he heard low whispers amid half-smothered laughs, he stealthily tip-toed into the room adjoining his own. There to his disgust, he found the frightened Freshie, relating his experience to the Sagacious Individual, who saw his error and quickly made amends.

Moral: "He liveth long, who liveth well, and does not believe all that he hears."

### The Morpheous Canque.

After numerous delays and disappointments, the new sanctuary has at last been completed. The magnificence of the structure is a fitting tribute to the energy and perseverance of the Sanctuary Committee, which has contended with the vexing problems, that have confronted it in a manner which has brought upon it the praise of other chapters. Resolutions of congratulation have been coming from all directions.

The new building will be formally opened in the early part of September. The dedication exercise will be in the nature of a banquet, which will be attended by many prominent Canquers from all parts of the East. Farm School will not be unrepresented, as one of our members is on the Banquet Committee.

Max H. Morris, '05, who successfully passed through three degrees last April is now ready for a fourth. *He'll get it.*

Charles R. Goldman, Keeper of the Souls, and Maurice Rose, High Priest, both of the Royal Arch Chapter, visited the school recently.

## EXCHANGES.

BERNHARD OSTROLENK, '06.

"So bald ihr kommt sold ihr empfangen sein," is the cordial welcome "The Gleaner" hereby wishes to extend to all its exchanges.

It is with a feeling of pride that we take up the work which the former staff has so creditably done. We are proud because this small school, consisting of some thirty-odd students, manages to produce a journal which in several respects rivals that of much larger schools.

Many schools do not publish their paper until the latter part of this month, hence we have not as yet received any September exchanges.

We will not publish a list of all the exchanges received. The receipt of an exchange will thankfully be acknowledged by returning a copy of "The Gleaner."

The commencement numbers of all our exchanges appeared with attractive covers and plenty of good reading material. Among those that deserve special mention are: "The Athenaeum," Acadia; "Red and Black," Reading, Pa., and "The Jayhawker," Kansas Agricultural College.

The commencement number of the "Maroon and Cream," published by the Ohio Military Institute, is a creditable paper. It contains cuts of the sceneries, cadet corps, graduates and athletic teams of the institute. The reading material may be of interest to the students of the institute, but the outsider can find little to interest him

"Pedroe's Great Opportunity," which appeared in the June issue of "The Advocate," published in Plainfield, Ind., is an excellent story.

### THE OLD WAY AND THE NEW.

Once it was that every mortal  
When he left this earthly clime,  
Would desire to leave behind him  
Footprints in the sand of time.

But these busy days of autos,  
When we quit this changing scene,  
We shall pass and leave behind us  
Just a whiff of gasoline.—Ex.

There was a young girl from Siam  
Who said to her lover, named Priam,  
"To kiss me, of course,  
You'll have to use force,  
And Lord knows you're stronger than I am."

Billy looked at Mary,  
Oh, what a pretty Miss!  
He stole a little nearer,  
And then he stole—away.

Critics who only find fault or always praise, are never considered. Those who are just in their criticism are sometimes dreaded because they fall in the bad habit of telling the truth, but their criticism is always respected. Few critics can criticise a paper correctly and their criticisms are never much respected.

We shall criticise each paper to the best of our ability, calling attention to its faults and its merits.

### THE SONG OF OUR BUSINESS MANAGER.

How dear to my heart  
Is the cash of subscription,  
When the generous subscriber  
Presents it to view;  
But the One who won't pay—  
I refrain from description—  
For perhaps, gentle reader,  
That One may be You!

**William P. Ely** Hats and Caps, Boots and  
Shoes, Furnishing Goods

Dealer in

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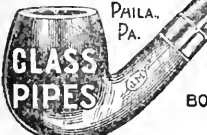
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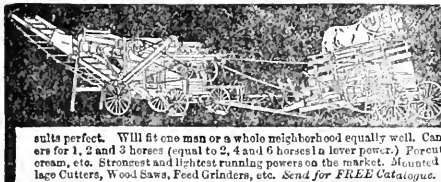
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